The Goosequill – Nov 5 – No1 – 1854
to May 17th No14 – 1855
Semi-monthly

1856

EARLY
FORDHAM
PUBLICATION

THE CRITIC.

Semimonthly

Carpere et Colligere.

BY.

P & A.

No 1

The Collegian by Solon

{Vol 1 – Sept 23rd 1859 – no.1.
to {Vol 1 – Apr 8th 1860 " .11.

Semimonthly

THE CRITIC

Rules and Regulations.

The "Iris" will be issued Semi-monthly.

All communications should be dropt into the letter box for that purpose, addressed to "P & L".

It would save the Editor much trouble if the articles for insertion were sent in the Saturday previous to publication.

All articles can be reclaimed by a note addressed to Pat to that effect.

No pieces in which there are any personalities will be inserted at the risk of the Editor to offend no one.

In case an article should be rejected, strict silence on the subject will be observed by the Editor.

The Critic

Editorial.

Again kind fellow students do we appear for your perusal (might we add gratification) a third journal. The memory of the past vibe augurs for an extraordinary.

The still retain. A vivid recollection of the "Intelligencer" still exists, and the approbation and pleasure with which that offering of our humble literary acquirements was received, gives us hope for a future success.

In regard to the numerous difficulties which the establishment of a journal such as we shall endeavour to render the Critic would be but tend to discouragement: occasional help from your able pens, and repeated assurances of your kind regards have inspired us with a courage unwanting almost to conceit.

In many instances we shall doubtlessly deceive expectation, but energy, application and devotion to the cause shall be to all obstacles paramount.

We would beg indulgence then for our journal such as it is, relying on your notable deference for well meaning though perhaps ill executed intentions.

P. & L.

Nature.

There is no emotion of the human heart so intense, so lasting, so perturbed yet at the same time so tranquil, as that feeling by which we appreciate the works of nature. It is implanted in the heart of every man with his very [illegible], it can never be eradicated or extinct; perfect in its kind it can never be acquired by discipline or practice, We are at a loss how to define this passion for [illegible] beauty; it is thrilling, interesting, it enchains attention it captivates the soul.

Who in the solemn grandeur of America's trackless forests, or whilst viewing the "rock-bound" coast on which the immense waves are harmlessly dashed into spray, or within hearing of Niagara's thundering roar does not perceive a presence (for we can find no plainer term) disturbing and fluttering around his heart as if the spirit wished to burst the barriers of mortality and soar on the wings of delight to the regions above. Who in treading the luxuriant fragrance of the far-distant west, whose virgin green, so charming in itself is relieved by many a beautious flower, or whilst lightly bounding over the moonlight waves and surrounded by the endless expanse of ocean, does not feel his heart beat high and his pulse wildly throb whilst he drinks in the captivating beauty of the scene. Whose cheek does not tinge, whose eye does not kindle with pleasure even [illegible] he reads of the deep tangled labyrinths of Maine's primeval forests, or as he surveys the grassy lawns of

Tabraska or the flowery savannahs of the south; who does not stand as in spell-bound before the transcendant loveliness of a summer sunset, or the varying tints of the woods in autumn.

This passion for natural beauty is three intense; it is also absorbing. Whilst gazing on a beautiful landscape, all other pleasures, all other duties are forgotten, nothing for the time being can withdraw our attention. This passion is lasting, would you prove it. Ask the exile if he remembers the cot of his childhood, the crystal streams and fertile valley near which he sported, and the green hills on which he roamed free as the mountain air.

This passion gives also a pure, elevated and refined tone to the mind, sharpens the perceptive faculties, forms an element of taste and tinges to some extent also the powers of the mind. It alleviates if it does not destroy pain, and considered under every aspect is a source of the greatest enjoyment.

We might dwell almost for-ever on this subject without exhausting it; we might notice the great share which this appreciation of natural scenery takes in the discipline, nay formation of the poetic mind; we might dwell on the fact that it forms a component part in the great virtue of patriotism, but conscious that we have by no means done justice to the pleasing theme, we conclude. F. WHACK. Esqr

---

We are sorry to see our box remaining empty when such able writers could so easily fill it. However we expect quite an overplus, for our next number

Pack.

The present Season

By Alpha.

If we reflect with seriousness on the face which nature has assumed around us, on the external changes, which within a few weeks she has undergone, we will be struck with the multitude and variety of ideas which will arise in our minds. The smallest object, the most familiar circumstance in nature, has interest enough for a vast expenditure of thought. Autumn properly speaking has departed, but it leaves traces enough behind it to attest that its steps have been lately taken in our midst. The old season seems to lean upon the staff of age, it casts a glance around and behold the work of its hand, trees are stripped bare of their foliage which lies yellow on the earth whilst the brown nuts strew the grassy walks around.

The reformer at the extent of his power and at its abundant exercise, but his joy is that of death, for the cold fresh breath of his offspring winter makes his aged bones groan and he vanishes withered into his lonely cave there to await his recall.

The ninble squirrel now plies his industry, necessarily he toils, carefully does he hoard up in his secure granary abundance of nuts and fruits so that frost breathing winter brings no terrors to him. Like a diligent house-keeper whom foresight urges to provide in the season of plenty against an impending famine, when hunger and want, joined with misery & disease drew on the heavy car of death, when horror and dismay wield their sceptre amidst nations, when despair drags its

rearing barrow over ruined cities, when the fear of general desolation blasts the hopes of all; then he is able to withstand for his wisdom had taught him and he employs his knowledge.

Winter has already ascended his infant throne His chief minister frost has begun to form an estimate of his sovereign power, For this purpose he reveals himself beneath the influence of the pale-faced moon. He wanders mid the appearance of rearing dale, when he retires into dark caverns and secluded nooks where he escapes the destroying vengeance of the day King. Winter gathers strength, each day does it manifest its growth until it shall finally reach the zenith of its power when the hardened earth shall crak asunder, & the driving snow shall raise in mounds lifting their white heads to the skies. ——

The Debate

Dear R.

I certainly felt myself honored in no small degree upon the reception of an invitation to attend a debate, which the young gentlemen of Belles Lettres held on the eighth inst. Arrived at the college I was conducted into a large hall, very well adapted for declamation; — at one end a stage had been erected, upon which the debators, eleven in number, were already seated. The subject of the Debate being announced by the Chairman. Mr Bogy. "Would it be advisable, under existing circumstances, to abolish slavery." he went on & thanking his fellow students in a delicate & beautiful address, for the honor they had conferred upon him, and with a warmth which indicated the truthfulness of his feelings.

Master Parable then opened the debate with a speech in which he attempted to prove (but alas ineffectually) the equality of the two races, by appealing to the justice of God who had created all men equal, To these assertions Mr Boyce answered in a manner calculated to convince us that he did not feel very solicitous about the descendants of Ham. His speech which was remarkable for brevity, called forth from Master McGrath a torrent of invective which would have overthrown every thing, had not his opponent Mr Graves produced the bible as a proof, from which he cited several passages all sanctioning slavery. We listened with much pleasure to Mr Graves who was evidently well informed upon the subject. Mr Spencer next took the floor, he in a very pretty written speech endeavoured to prove the equality of the African & white races when properly educated.

To this the Orator of the day Master Fitzpatrick answered by showing the state of utter distitution and depravity in which the negroes of Africa now live, contrasting it with the present life of the Southern slave. He then beautifully traced ~~the origin~~ our progress as a nation, showing the assistance which the products of negro slavery gave to our commerce. After this he veiwed the country in a state of riot & rebellion which he most emphatically declared would be the result of negro emancipation; And leaving an gazing ~~on~~ the country, convulsed at the feet of our infamous tyranny he sat down amid an overwhelming applause, which his bold and clear denunciation, manly eloquence, and logical reasoning, so justly merited. After silence was restored Mr McLaughery arose and in a very able speech

advocated the principles of liberty to all men in a manner worthy a much older debator. He dwelt principly upon the injustice of slavery as an institution, and the blessings of freedom which he attempted to prove was alike the privilage of the white, and the black man. His elevated diction, and vigor of thought, together with an happy introduction of poetical quotations, frequently called forth the approbation of his hearers. The next speaker on the negative, Mr Maguire now arose, he compared the condition of the poorer laboring classes in the north, with the slaves at the south, & drew the very just inference that slavery cannot under existing circumstances be abolished without great detriment to the country. We had anxiously the address of Mr Gibbony, who, now took the floor. it was evident that the strength of the opposition lay in him, he was therefore hailed as the champion who, with one sweep of his literary wand would overthrow the frail reasonings of his opponents. He endeavoured to prove the equality of the two races (an argument which was used by all) not only at the present day, but from the remotest antiquity. the Egyptians, Phoenicians & Carthagenians, successively came under his plastic hand and again stood forth in all the splendor of the past. He maintained and with some show of truth, that in all the countries where slavery had been abolished the poorer classes of laboring whites had risen in the scale of fortune. I am fearful of doing injustice to this truely fine speech, where I to continue. Mr Gibbony's manner of speaking is not so rapid and im-

precise as Master Fitzpatrick, nor has it the polish and energy of Mr McGoggey's, yet it is distinct and perswasive. Mr Wilson who closed the debate for the Negative did justice to the reputation he has so long and honorably sustained, that of being a good writer, and correct thinker. He advocated the true and sound principles of Locke & Webster.

He summed up the results of an emancipation with a foresight which greatly enhanced his already extended reputation for ability. He concluded in favoring by the most consecutive train of reasoning that slavery under existing circumstances cannot be abolished without the division of the Union.

The Chairman then gave his decision. He summed up the arguments in a skillful and scholar like manner showing their strength or inconsistancy in a way, which the fragment appreciation of the audience, but too plainly testified was any thing but common. His delivery was bold, yet graceful, and at times carried away by his feelings he burst forth in strains of the most exalted eloquence. His decision was very just, and while paying all due deference to the learning & skill displayed by the Affirmative, he congratulated at the same time the Negative upon their success. Never had I been so pleasantly entertained at an exercise of the kind before, and the sentiments of the young orators were highly gratifying. All is to be hoped that ere long another exhibition of the kind may take place

Yours With Respect
Dear Pat
Scorpio.

Works of Fiction

Nothing at the present day is so detrimental to a good sound learning, as the almost universal taste for works of fiction. The most popular man is he, who writes the finest novel, the standard of literature, is the latest Romance.
This passion for light reading tends greatly to diminish the powers of the mind. In works where everything is made clear, and forcible, where the reasoning powers are not in the least exerted, the mind adds nothing to its store, but on the contrary a distaste for everything rigorous, sound or logical is acquired: thus the mind having no need to exert its powers becomes weakened, and the latent energies which should have been developed are lost. Many a bright genius who might have shone with lustre among the literati of this country, has never risen above the common level of a novelist: and all owing perhaps to the distaste he acquired for sound learning whilst young through the medium of light literature.
A careful training in the classics when young therefore is the only way to obviate this growing evil. Endeavor to acquire a taste for those productions which have a nobler calling, and a more exalted end than the mere result of a love affair or a Romance. Seek great moral lessons from Horace, or recreate and invigor the mind by the perusal of the sublimity of Virgil & Homer. But until this is done, until light literature is laid aside nothing of any consequence may be expected.

Talia.

Criticisms

The translation by Iris in no. 4 is rather fair. considering Iris's talents do not lie altogether in that line. Upon the whole the verse runs very well. but there is a good sprinkling of tautology. The thoughts are not sufficiently developed nor one is there diversity enough. Some of the expressions we like exceedingly well. Let us hear from you again Iris.

Nature by Paddy Whack Esqr is a very pretty essay. The only fault which we find with it. is one common to the author. he dwells too long upon the same thought, all this would be "apropos" in a metaphysical treatise, but in light and animated description it is not exactly the thing.

The present season by Alpha has one or two expressions or figures which we do not exactly know about. the use of the figure of speech grants a great license. but unfortunately persons sometimes exceed the privilage.

The Third Ode of Horace
Translated into English Verse by "Crito."

To Virgil.

The bark, with Virgil o'er the foaming tide,
Set Helen's brothers and fair Venus pride;
The angry winds let Æolus restrain,
And mighty Jove direct thee o'er the main;
And far away upon the Attic strand,
My dearest friend, the Mantuan poet land.
Bold was the heart, & daring was the mind,
Of him who first gave sails unto the wind;
Alternate swell'd his breast with hope & fear,
And not unconscious of the falling tear;
To where the winds in furious battles rage,
Where Africus and Aquilone engage.
He wend'd his way; and in a hallow'd tree
He plough'd the waves, and cross'd the furrow'd sea;
Nor Hyades, who rule the sea with force,
Nor Notus could divert him from his course,
The heart of him, who gaz'd without a sigh
Upon the main, what forms could terrify.
Nor could the rolling porpoise in the bay,
Nor him Acroceraunian rocks dismay.
In vain the Gods in wisdom did decree,
By impious barks bound o'er the hallow'd sea,
That lands from lands the ocean should divide,
And men upon its waters should not ride.
Presumptuous man, from dangers on the main,
And from impetuous storms ills not refrain,
A band of woes from high Olympus fled
By impious fraud, & made the earth o'erspread.

THE CRITIC

Carpenter et Co. Collegiate

By Pel

No. II

THE

BRITISH

Rules & Regulations.

The "Critic" will be issued semi-monthly.

All communications should be addressed to "Pen," and dropped into the letter box for that purpose.

It would save the Editor much trouble if the articles for insertion were sent in a week previous to publication.

All articles can be reclaimed by a note addressed to Pen to that effect.

No article in which there are any personalities will be inserted it being the right of the Editor to offend no one.

In case an article should be rejected, strict silence on the subject will be observed by the Editor.

Editorial.

More than thanks if we could give more, is due to our readers for the kind welcome & indulgence with which they received our first number. and it shall be our aim to strengthen this good opinion which has been so unanimously formed of our journal. The pleasure which a well conducted paper diffuses throughout a class, is of a nature so well calculated to soften illfeeling and jealousy, that its appearance should be hailed with joy. It is a mirror in which the feelings of the few are seen by the many. By a free and unreserved declaration of our sentiments and opinions made public by the means of a paper, the good or bad qualities of the heart are discernible, and the weak points of a character may be guarded against. The great fundamental principle of the "Critic", is Unity, unity in the class, unity out of the class - unity everywhere. We are few and that should be a still greater incentive to unity. Unprovoked hatred, misconstructions or misrepresentations, should never be made the groundwork upon which to rear a lasting dislike or vindictive. In order therefore that our influence might be felt, and our position maintained unity must be preserved. The "Critic" is strenuously opposed to the violation of her privileges and will stigmatize with shame the one who through motives of private dislike, would give publicity to her privacy. P.L. returns his sincere thanks to his correspondents, for their able contributions. P.E.A.

Reflections on a Journey

By Viator.

Every one that travels in the cars is struck by the strange and numerous objects that meet his eye. On first stepping in we find ourselves among strangers of different nations, or from different parts of the same country also, solicitous about their present comfort by the selection of some favorable seat. Among them we behold the different ages and occupations of life,— the smiling child of two— the settled man of forty— and the old man of seventy— with his wrinkled brow and silvery locks. There too are the healthy and aspiring youth — the careworn and cogitating speculator, and the somber minister who from time to time casts around him a searching look. After catching a glimpse of the company we are in, we are induced to view those exterior objects which pass in rapid succession. At one time we behold a beautiful champaign country, the farm houses, scattered— the cattle grazing in the fertile meadow, and fields of ripening corn waving with the breeze. Again we fly along the banks of a winding river, along whose opposite shore extends a range of high and irregular hills covered with trees. Then we are hurried between rocks whose rough & projecting sides seem ready to crush us, amid smoke and darkness. The welcome light appears and on we glide with rumbling sound over bridges which span rushing torrents and deep precipices, through fertile valleys and living villages, till the long-expected name of our native town is repeated by the warner.

We reach our own dear home where affectionate parents, & fond sisters, and beloved brothers welcome us with

tender embraces and eyes
suffused with tears of joy.
Such a journey where so ma-
ny objects are presented
to our view, and so superficially observed, which we
make in company with so
many others, and so rapidly,
may justly be compared
to the passage of life.
Time hurries us along
imperceptibly through fle-
eting pleasures, through
hours of despondency, through
life's cares and solicitudes.
We catch but a glimpse of
the pomp and splendor
of the world, we feel but a
transient emotion of delig-
ht: our mind is at one
time lifted up by joy & glad-
ness, and soon again clou-
ded with gloom.
On our way we constantly
loose some friend departi-
ng for his home. and we
too one day must pay
our account, and repair
to our everlasting home
where departed parents,
and innocent brothers and
sisters may welcome our
arrival —.

Music.

The greatest source of
pleasure, were exceeding
that to be found in the
beautiful and varied
scenes of nature, in we
think that which acts
upon the ear — music.
It is to be found in
the highest degree &
in the greatest variety
in nature; in the sig-
hing of the zephyrs thro-
ugh the green wood
shades, in the pleasing
monotonous buzz of
insects, in the light
inimitable carolling of
the feathered race, in
the fierce hurricane
crushing through the
forests, in the roar of
the mighty ocean ag-
ainst the rocky coast,
in the reverberating
peals of heavens awfully
it can be found in
babbling brook as well
as in the stupendous
cataracts; in the low
wailing of the breathless
sea and in the wild
whistling of December's

very centre, but still the tempest roars, still mountains after mountains raise and fall, and dash with fury against each other. The heavy thunder still rolls its roaring terrifies the whole earth, Still the word of God in lightning shapes flashes, falls, strikes its victims dead, it speaks in accents terrible it says. "Know then I and He who rules the land, the waters, and the sky, I hurl my thunderbolts when it is my will, & the tempest roars, the billows raise, the lightnings flash. All nature is in commotion, when I but draw an angry breath, but when I draw a breath of peace the thunder ceases. The tempest is hushed, the lightning no more vindicates the power of God. The tumultuous billow is lulled. all nature assumes its natural course again, all is happy, all is peace." so say I now, let quiet return to the world again, Once more the sun mounted his throne of glory. all nature was again clothed in gladness.

Demetrius.

Before closing this number of the Critic it becomes our painful task to revert to the conduct of one who, until now had elicited from his fellow class-mates, respect for his abilities, and kind-feelings for his social worth. But now the object for which the "Critic" has been most solicitous & over which it watched with an anxious care, has been suddenly destroyed & hers dearest privilage made forfeit. all to gratify the spite emanating from a mind which for want of gentle culture & and a due sense of honor has been lead to suppose that a gratification of his revenge, consisted in making known to the ~~world~~ whole community the dearest secrets of his class entrusted to his honor—

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of might"

Honor, of which so few have a right conception is often

sacrificed through a falsity of that conception. But in no case does the end justify the means. In this case of lost honor - what was the end, and what were the means used to attain that end.

The end was to revenge an supposed injury, but then revenge is the offspring of an untutored intellect, or a degraded mind. In affairs of honor, where the injury comes from a superior, it is no injury. where it comes from an equal it may never be avenged but must be forgiven "even as we hope for forgiveness" But in this case no injury was given, no insult offered, and consequently a disclosure of matters kept inviolable by all, to persons not connected with the class, thereby making a public journal the means of proclaiming it to the world, that which, were there but one spark of honor, one drop of gentle blood, or one particle of good breeding, had been kept sealed with the word of a gentleman in his own heart, was criminal in the highest degree.

The proper field on which to meet an adversary from this class is not the public columns of a newspaper but, the "Critic" which will be ever ready to publish all communications and thus give to both sides the advantages of being heard.

Willingly would we have forgiven (for we bore no ill feelings) had not this matter been made public. We feel for our class, we feel for him, as for ourselves we care nothing. all we can do is to say

"—, —, to cease his tuneless song
For he has sung it's tune too long"

The honor of our class has been betrayed and many call aloud for redress

Scorpio.

The Wind.

By: Anon.

Say, light breathing wanderer, unshackled air,
Whence arises your spirit & directed, where.
Does thy fleeting career its message'd pinions urge,
Heard, awoke from the slumber of old Ocean's surge,
Or has Earth by the ravings of fury disturbed,
In the throes of an earthquake thy being incurbed,
Cast loose from her bowels, & wandering hurled
Thy invisible life spark to range o'er the world.

Free as the flash of thought when man,
Encompassing in boundless scan,
The orb of earth, of sea, and air
Thou fleetest wind, O tell us where.

Whatever thy destiny or thy bright birth,
Thou delightest the scenes of our beautiful earth,
Unseen to the gaze of frail man's mortal sight,
Thou sportest alike both in darkness & light.
Thy wings fan alike the proud summits of mountains
Thou sweepest the plains, nor disdainest crystal fountains.
The extent of thy empire no mortal can trace
In freedom thou scourest the realms of space.

When heaven's wrecked by the tempest blast,
And discord forth by thy errand, cast,
When sea to earth is forced amain
Thy hollow voice proclaims thy reign.

Criticisms.

Of the article by "Viator" we say nothing that also writer and moralist not having laid himself open to any remarks.
His piece is abounds in fine expressions and great moral truths..

We defer our remarks of music until the conclusion of that article.

Demetrius has a good and vivid fancy he writes what he feels.
Many of his expressions we would not altogether endorse, yet the piece has its merits.

A word about communications. It is not necessary that the articles should be given in on the day appointed, but anytime before and by that means the Editor will always be able to have the paper in press at the appointed time. When several articles are given in at a time, they will not (of course) also be inserted, but by that means there will always be a supply on hand and never occasion any delay in the punctuation of the journal. P & A.

FORDHAM
PUBLICATION

THE CRITIC

Gazette et Collegiate

BY

EDGAR A. POE

NO. III

Man's Life.

Of all the creatures on this boundless earth,
Man is the most enlightened at his birth.
His time is short & quickly rolls around,
His object great but rarely ever found;
The time of life is like the rolling year.
Like budding flowers that bloom & disappear,
The smiling youth is like the opening rose,
That proudly in some enclosed garden grows;
Or like the glowing spring that brightens all,
And nourishes the fruit we pluck in Fall.
And as the blooming summer comes apace,
And opens all the flowers on natures face.
So time does youth to manhood quickly change,
And in the paths of sauntring pleasure range.
But time rolls on upon his glowing wheels,
And with each speed that manhood scarcely feels.
His rapid flight, but when he turns to view
The past, & sees how far Times speedy courses flew.
His once embowered locks are silver gray,
And all the signs of youth have fled away,
The garden flowers no longer now appear,
They've died away, for it the autumn of the year.
Now boistrous gales and winds of winter blow,
The genial earth is clad in gelid snow.
Old age is grasp'd, many a dream of life is o'er,
He's turned to dust— what he has been before.
A winding sheet is all that riches gave,
His scanty lot is but a narrow grave.
Years, ~~should~~ roll on but Time may never rouse,
The damp graves victim from his long repose:
Until that dread avenging day shall come,
When all will tremble at the angels drum.

"Polyhymnia".

Editorial.

"Pax."

11

We have now come to a period in the existance of the "Critic" which renders its success certain beyond a doubt for the next six months. The difficulty attending the raise of a journal, such as we have endeavoured to make this, generaley wears off after the publication of the first few numbers, if those numbers have been such, as to ~~inspire~~ command respect. From the universall good will with which the "Critic" has been recieved, and the overplus of articles that have constantly been on hand, can be considered as a criterion by which to judge of our future success, and encouragement. Then it is certain beyond a doubt that we shall succeed. If during the great pressure of study, nearly all have found time to send us an article for every publication, it speaks more powerfully than words of the great interest the members of our class take in its welfare. The ties which connect us as a class, are strong and render still firmer by the spontaneous acquiescence of all, to keep them inviolable.

To our readers then we most ~~will~~ cordially return our thanks for their patronage, and to our more liberal correspondents we offer likewise our most sincere thanks for the assistance they have rendered us. May they be as liberal during the coming year. With wishes for a happy Christmas to all, the "C" will pause awhile for breath, for the breath of 1859.

Night.

By Alpha.

This is the time in which that spirit which delights in the calmness of solitude, and holds communion with itself in the silent bowers of retirement; when the outer world is excluded from the cloak of reflection, and the inner world is expanded in its grandeur; and when the mind can with much more freedom read both herself & her workings. There is an inscrutable indefiniteness in the dreary extent of a dark night, an undefined grandeur and a majestic influence which we cannot possibly perceive either in the flickering brightness of a starry night or during the course of day. Darkness and silence strike the mind with an almost irresistible propensity to reflection. Night in its silent Darkness is a truly grand phase in the great system of the universe.

But let the moon with a small train of stars ahead a few degrees higher over yonder wide. Behold what strange, what pleasing, what grand beauties are there dispersed.

Look out into that wonderful world which is around about you. Not a sound can you hear, save the howling of a dog, as it stands baying at the lustrous moon, or the whispering of a gentle breeze.

See how that ancient tower casts its lengthened shade across the silver stream, standing like a giant amidst a new generation clad in its venerable garb of antiquity. Night when the beauties of nature are visible is both delightful and instructive to a sensitive mind.

How fearfully does not the tempest blast sound in the stillness of night, A night of storm is a night of fear. The wrecked mariner bears witness to this. But fine the enchanting aspects of night under whatever guise, surplies a vast scope to the gaze of the

imagination, or fertile field to the deductions of a reasoner reason, and a delightful scene to the speculative enquiry.

Domitians. Supper.

Many were the freaks played by the impious and wicked Domitian to satiate his naturally cruel disposition. His character strongly contrasted with that of his brother and predecessor, Titus, who by his generosity and benevolence merited the appellation of the "Delight of mankind" that content with putting to death, many of the noblest senators of Rome, he contrived a scheme which marks the refined cruelty of his disposition, and the pleasure he took in torturing the unfortunate victims of his tyranny. He invited one evening a number of Senators to sup with him at his palace. On their arrival he had them conducted to a spacious apartment, lighted by a few miserable lamps whose faint glimmering served but to increase its dismal appearance. Around it was hung tapestry of the darkest hue the table was covered with viands such as were offered in sacrifice to the infernal deities, and along the wall was arranged a number of coffins, and over each the name of a senator written in silver characters. All stood amazed, and as each read his name over the appointed coffin, a thrill of horror ran through his frame. To be suddenly invited from the midst of dear friends, filled with anticipations of a princely banquet, there to meet nothing but the gloom of death, where everything portended their dark fate, without an arm laid to their charge, without a friend to convey to their relatives the sad tidings, or

communicate their last wishes to a bereaved & disconsolate family were enough to inspire horror, and fill them with the deepest distress. Immediately more, and no sooner able they look at each other, and then glance at the dread apartment. Soldiers in dark clothes, such as worn by public executioners enter with drawn swords, and stations themselves by the sides of the coffins. On a sudden is heard the rattle of wheels on the pavement without, and now the sad truth flashes on the minds of the unhappy senators, — they are first to be beheaded, then enclosed in a coffin, and afterwards conveyed to the cemetery of the malefactors. Gladly would they take a last farewell of each other, but they are intimidated by the savage looks of their guards, and the frown of their persecutor who sits his time as a silent yet pleased spectator of their misery. The curtains are drawn, and dark men enveloped in long black cloaks approach and lead them, each to a seperate vehicle.

Through silent avenues, and narrow streets, over bridges and squares is the carriage borne, till at length to his utter amazement, each senator is landed at the well-known portico of his private mansion. "Cain."

It is to be hoped that with the New Year all debts that are still unpaid will be settled. The subscription for three numbers of the Crayon at 05 cts a copy would be 15 cents, which if enclosed in an envelope and directed to the Editor would be very acceptable, as it is his intention to give the C, a new dress with the new year

P. & R.

Music
(Continued)

It possesses an almost uncontrollable influence over all the faculties of the human mind. It can rouse to madness, urge to heroism, incite to virtue, melt with compassion, soothe the troubled soul, and afford relaxation from the oppressive cares of business: it can inspire the poet and charm the philosopher, it can rouse the enthusiasm of the patriot, and string the nerves of the warriors arm, In short, what can not music effect?

It is associated in our minds with the long winter evenings at the fireside; it is a tie to the familiar hearthstone, a link in the chain of the social circle. It is what makes us look back with redoubled pleasure to the years of our childhood: when we listen to some well-remembered strain of by-gone days. How and joyously we restrain our very breath, memory exerts her powers, and we pass in review the laughing hours of school and the roguish countenances of our school companions.

It gives refinement and polish to all who come under its influence. Look at ancient Greece and Rome, look at modern Italy. The flourishing days of their literature, learning and refinement, were especially characterized by their proficiency in the musical art, it was music that tended to give them that tone of elegance & superiority above the other nations of the globe. Say, who, considering the rise of the vast empires of ancient times, would hesitate to affirm that music lends even to the civilization of mankind. It is music that makes poetry what it is, in ancient times music and poetry were inseperable. Without music, poetry would loose its chief charm, and oratory its principle attraction.

It was music that gave rise to the bards of the middle ages, made their persons universally respected, and gave them favorable reception in the palaces of Kings. They composed

ballads in which were celebrated the exploits of heroes, and the praises of illustrious men: and these ballads descending to posterity have become a chief source whence we derive our information respecting the aged, chivalry. Each country of the world has a style or system of music exclusively its own; and this style is regulated entirely by the character of its people. In Italy where the sky is ever fair; where continual summer reigns, where fruits and flowers spring up almost spontaneously, there music partakes largely of the playful and pleasant. Look at "sunny Spain" the land of "the olive and the vine," once the proudest monarchy of Europe, now the humblest, its people, noble and chivalrous long for the days of yore, when not in continual broils, but gathered under one banner against the Moor, they marched bravely to victory. Their sentiments, their longings for their ancient fame tends to give their otherwise exhilarating style of music a tone of sadness.

Look at the "Emerald Isle of the ocean", it abounds in scenery more beautiful and diversified perhaps than that of any other country in the world, its hardy people noted throughout the world for their magnanimity, generosity and valor, have been trodden under the tyrants foot for nearly three centuries, what can be the character of such a peoples music? It is picturesque but most intensely pathetic: it soothes whilst it wounds, it breathes strains of the purest and most unselfish patriotism, from the pleasing notes of joy, it descends to the low but heart felt notes of wailing for the slavery of the country, then like the surging waves on the beach, rises higher in tones of the fiercest denunciation against the oppressor. Since then music is the handmaid of all the arts and sciences, since it contributes greatly to history, to oratory, to poetry, since it can wrap the whole soul in ecstacy and excite sentiments of profound devotion, or since

it may be made to administer to the passions, if in a word, it is a powerful instrument in the hands of the good or bad, it should necessarily be studied and cultivated by all who seek to elevate and refine the human race. Paddy Whack Esq.

Finis

Christmas Box.

What many times are associated with Christmas: How many families whose members have been scattered far and wide in the struggling restlessness of life are then united, & meet around the hearth-stone once again in a happy state of companionship exchanging the pledges of mutual good fellowships which is the source of the only true and unalloyed pleasure. The old year seems to gather around him a few remaining friends and to pass calmly and silently away, amid a regimen of festivity and revelry. But there are those who have welcomed us with their smiles, whose hearts throbbed gaily as they pressed our hand and wished us a merry Christmas, there are those whose eye has hid its lustre in the silent grave, whose tooth no longer glow, and whose hand has grown cold; the thoughts of them sometimes mingles sorrow in the cup of pleasure. But let us not indulge in sadness during a time when all should be happy. when the delusions of our childhood rise on back. and the old man recalls the pleasures of his youth, when the sailor on the deep, the soldier and the traveller are transported thousands of miles away, back to his own quiet home.

But apart from the uniting of dispersed friends, & these happy thoughts of childhood, there is another cause for rejoicing, which does not end with Christmas, it is, that during this sacred time redemption was given to mankind, and the

chains of infernal slavery were burst asunder and fell from our souls at the awe-full consummation of Calvary. Truly may it be called a time of rejoicing, for being a time of the greatest spiritual blessings. it is also the period of temporal bliss, for the one flows from the other, and the greater the former the more sane and healthful the latter. Christmas, a great many people suppose to be a country gentleman; and we are greatly inclined to this opinion. A merry Christmas in the city and one in the country are quite two different things, but with sleighing & happy gatherings in the country. and the formal balls and visits in the city, there is another kind of Christmas namely a "College Christmas", which is generally made up of very early rising, several sermons & dullness, and if you venture a puff now and then you are told "better look out or you shall have fifty lines for a Christmas-box." Then again somebody comes along and says, "My man, take a book and study, or look over your Horace, or perhaps there is something you don't understand (most likely) in Homer"; but you say "what study on Christmas" and the very laconic reply is "of-course", which usually signifies, "if you don't I'll lay it on to you after new years" With a merry Christmas, couched in such terms you are generally saluted in college.

But it is to be hoped that this is gradually undergoing a change, and that after a time, the students will be as happy as can be, nor will they sigh after the golden times of either the city or the country: Such is Christmas to — which we all look with such glad and happy expectations. The new year follows close on Christmas who what changes may enter [illegible] during

the course of that time which we are all willingly hailing as Happy. That to none of you may this year bring sorrow, that success may crown each & all of you, is the wish of the one who penned these lines, and who concludes by saying a merry Christmas to all, and a happy New Year. Scorpio.

A few words about etiquette.

"Any doors in your House" cries Lady a dozen voices at the same time as a student enters the corridors leaving the door open after him, now if this individual is of a good disposition, he simply says, no "we camp out" and either passes on or more frequently returns and closes it. But should he perchance be not of the sweetest temper, he will immediately demand in a very gruff voice who the — something beginning with a capital H, — they are talking to, how in either of these cases there is a breach of politeness, We would do we never think of entering into a parlour, leaving the door wide open, or with our hat on, or what is still more unpardonable ejecting from our mouth the substance produced by the continued compression between our teeth of the dried leaves of the "nicotiana tobacum."

These are all faults of etiquette which should be remedied, they all tell, and go far to lessen that respect which is always paid to the gentleman.

But that these faults are confined to a few, do we speak thus, but it is we are sorry to say, but too common among the many.

It is to be hoped that none of these remarks are applicable to the members of this class, but should there be any, they will do well to profit by a little friendly advice.

An Observer.

Remarks.

The essay on music, has the merit of being well written now, many and we among others would not endorse all the powerful effects which T Whack Esq. ascribes to ~~this~~ music ~~art~~. In some places he gives it too much influence in others not enough. Certain it is music can effect much, but to attribute to either the raise or down fall of a State to music, is rather a bold assertions. The style is ~~very~~ more or less easy. at times however, it flags and grows heavy. This is hardly perceptable the composition not being of sufficient length. to render that imperfection clear. ~~perceptable~~ discernible. When again writing on any of the arts. have in mind the poets words. "Modus in rebus," and you will never give too much or too little to the influence of that art. "Alphas" essay on "Night" aspires to be somewhat philosophical we suppose. reads very much as if it had been written in a coal cellar, and at night. some of the figures are rather incorrect. for instance, "silent bowers of retirement" now retirement certainly implies silent, and bowers are generally retired, from which we might probably infer that ~~where~~ all three of the terms meant very much the same thing. We also remarked quite flagrant contradiction, couched in these terms, speaking of a dark night he says "there is a majestic influence which we cannot perceive either in the flickering brightness of a starry night, or during the day" and then "night when the beauties of nature are visible is both delightful & instructive to a sensative mind." Canadian Supper, very little eatable or drinkable in this supper. intended perhaps as a funeral feast, no believing, Wish soon again, Good writer,

N. B. "Lost", a Translation of "Homer", the finder will receiving the thanks of the owner (who stands very much in need of it) by leaving the same at this office.

P. S. Through an oversight on the part of our foreman when going to press. The piece of Poetry by Polyhymnia" was sent in the front sheet, instead of the back..

1856 – Adieu.